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P O E M S.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY VISCOUNTESS
HEREFORD.

MADAM,

WITH the highest degree of pleasure and gratitude I embrace this opportunity of thanking your Ladyship for the permission with which you have favoured me, of addressing this little

Work to you. The approbation of a Lady, whose taste and judgment are acknowledged by all who have the honour of knowing her, affords me the most flattering prospect of its general reception.

I have the honour to be,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

much obliged

and obedient

humble servant,

ANNE HUGHES.

P O E M S.

T H E R I V A L S.

A PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

DAMON, THIRSI, AND DELIA.

N EAR the green margin of a silver flood,
Pensive and sad, the love-lorn DAMON stood;
Ah! wretched swain! the hapless shepherd cry'd,
Ah! wretched swain! again he said, and sigh'd;
To thwart my wishes all things sure agree;
Like cruel DELIA, all things frown on me.
At early dawn of blithsome day I rose,
With care my best, my slender rod I chose,
My sharpest hook, and finest line prepare,
And chuse my tempting baits with nicest care;

The silver trout, all hope, I cry'd, shall prove
 A present pleasing to my cruel love :
 But e'en the simple finny race, of late,
 Despise my art, and shun my tempting bait ;
 This single trout, ah slender, worthless spoil !
 This single trout repays my lonely toil.
 Ah ! wretched swain ! the hapless shepherd cry'd,
 Ah ! wretched swain ! again he said, and sigh'd.

Near the same rivulet's green and sedgy side
 Young THIRSIUS rov'd, with love his theme and guide ;
 There heedless oft the shepherd wont to stray,
 And chant unseen his soft, his love-tun'd lay ;
 For DELIA's heavenly charms alike possess'd
 Each shepherd's heart, and fir'd his faithful breast :
 Forlorn, abandon'd to his grief and pain,
 He spy'd the sad, the solitary swain ;
 Beneath a willow's weeping shade he lay,
 And cast his useless rod with silent scorn away.
 With soft compassion in his voice express'd,
 The gentle youth his love-lorn friend address'd.

T H I R S I S.

Why mourns my DAMON ? why does he complain,
 Yet leave his THIRSIS stranger to his pain ?
 What sad disquietudes can DAMON bear,
 In which his friend is not allow'd to share ?
 Why dost thou leave thy sheep at large to stray ?
 Why scorn th' accustom'd business of the day ?
 Why driv'st thou not thy herds to yonder rill ?
 Why dost thou shun me on the neighbouring hill,
 Where we were wont to tend our flocks at noon,
 Observe the evening close, and watch the rising moon ?

D A M O N.

Can THIRSIS ask from whence my sorrow flows ?
 Too well, alas ! the cruel cause he knows.
 Hast thou not, false-one, by each method strove
 To gain the fickle heart of her I love ?
 Call me not friend, the false pretence I scorn !
 Friendship deceiv'd to deadliest hate shall turn !
 Here let all amity, all concord end ;
 Thy rival, I disdain the name of friend !

T H I R S I S.

Call me not false ; by no insidious art
 I've strove to gain the lovely DELIA's heart ;
 The swain lives not who looks upon her eyes,
 And does not wish to win th' enchanting prize :
 An equal right in the attempt I claim,
 Unmask'd my purpose, and avow'd my flame ;
 With open love I woo the matchless fair,
 Nor find much cause for hope, nor yet despair ;
 An equal sweetness in her smiles I see ;
 She smiles on all, nor does she frown on me.

But see, she comes ; do thou the first impart
 The secret sorrows of thy love-sick heart :
 Well dost thou know the softest art of song,
 For still the Muse inspires thy tuneful tongue ;
 By gentlest numbers strive her heart to move,
 For sacred Poesy is the child of Love.

D A M O N.

Hail, cruel fair ! bright cause of all my woe,
 From whom my every grief and pleasure flow.

Hail,

Hail, cruel fair ! behold a hapless swain,
 Who dares not hope, and yet must breathe his pain.
 Like plains imbrown'd by fierce meridian beams,
 Uncool'd by zephyrs, unrefresh'd by streams,
 My bosom, parch'd by love's resistless flames,
 The sweet refreshment of thy kindness claims :
 But tho', like streams that murmur o'er the plain,
 Thy charms delight the heart of every swain ;
 Tho' still on all you seem to smile, you frown
 On wretched DAMON, and on him alone.

T H I R S I S.

Hail, charming maid ! in whose resistless eyes
 Each artless, unaffected beauty lies ;
 Thy gentle smiles, with mirth and pleasure crown'd,
 Diffuse a universal gladness round ;
 Thy lively wit, bright child of Youth and Joy,
 Soft as thy breast, and piercing as thy eye,
 Sweet theme of ev'ry Muse, can still inspire
 Cold age itself with rapture and desire :
 With smiles thy truest votary regard ;
 His business is to love, thy smile his sweet reward.

D E L I A.

Cease, shepherds, cease; long have I known your love;
 Neither I flight, yet neither can approve;
 Your equal merits, equal praises claim,
 Alike your charms, your faith and love the same;
 And still upon the plain it is confes'd,
 In dance and song you far exceed the rest.

This hour shall end the strife; the prize belong
 To him who most excels in gentle song:
 He who sings best shall best his passion prove,
 For still the Muses favour those that love.
 Like ever-greens, in varying seasons gay,
 My name shall flourish in your rural lay;
 Deck'd by your praise shall every charm improve,
 Such glory waits the maid who wins a poet's love.
 Straight then begin, your tuneful voices raise,
 Myself the judge, reward, and subject of your lays.

D A M O N.

How blithe was I, when, undisturb'd by love,
 Thro' dale and woodland I was wont to rove;

Beside

Beside my flock to pass the live-long day,
 Myself as chearful, and as mild as they ;
 Joyous my day, and peaceful was my night,
 My flock my care, and friendship my delight ;
 With THIRSIS did I climb the steepy hill,
 Or wander'd thro' the wood, or by the rill ;
 No busy cares disturb'd my tranquil breast,
 Light flew the hours, for DAMON was at rest.

But since I saw thy eyes, alas ! no more
 I joy to greet the youth I lov'd before ;
 No faith or fellowship with him I hold,
 Not more I hate the fox who thins my fold ;
 Silent and discontent I bend my way
 To where yon aged oaks exclude the day ;
 Abandon'd and alone, to sooth my flame,
 I call incessant on thy much-lov'd name ;
 I call, alas ! but who regards my cries ?
 Sad Echo only to my plaint replies.
 Too well I know 'tis fruitless to complain,
 Too well I know my tears and sorrows vain ;
 But from the heart o'ercharg'd with pain and woe,
 Unbid the sigh will swell, unbid the tear will flow.

T H I R S I S.

All day 't'as been my pleasing task to suit
 The gentlest numbers to my warbling flute ;
 To chuse such sounds, as soft at once and clear,
 Might steal like sweet enchantment on the ear ;
 Such magic numbers as might best impart
 A glowing transport to th' enraptur'd heart :
 For when sweet melody with poesy joins,
 The soften'd heart each sterner thought resigns.
 If in the soul a silent softness sleeps,
 And, unperceiv'd, its secret station keeps,
 Such numbers shall the sweet concealment break,
 Give passion life, and teach it how to speak ;
 Such sounds the flame shall brighten and improve,
 For music ever was the food of love.
 My early study, and my latest care,
 Is how to please, and most engage the fair ;
 And sure so soft, so delicate a mind,
 To love so faithful will be just and kind.

D A M O N.

Behold my vagrant sheep at random stray,
 No crook to guide them on their destin'd way,
 No dog to keep ; neglected and unshorn,
 Like their sad shepherd, hopeless and forlorn.
 In vain the dance, in vain the song invites ;
 Nor dance nor song my love-sick heart delights.
 If it be love to scorn all other joys,
 To shun my flock, to spend whole days in sighs ;
 If this be love, ah ! then, alas ! how well
 This heart has lov'd, these heaving sighs can tell !
 If it be love to languish, to despair,
 To leave my hose unty'd, uncomb'd my hair,
 To doat with passion on my woes and cares,
 To spend whole restless anxious nights in tears ;
 If this be love, ah ! then, alas ! how well
 This heart has lov'd, these falling tears can tell !

T H I R S I S.

When on the plain the sprightly youth advance,
 To chant the song, and thread the mazy dance,

All undelighted I behold the throng,
 Nor mingle in the dance, nor join the song;
 In vain I cast my heavy eyes around,
 No charm appears, no beauty can be found;
 Too rude those rocks ascend, that vale's too low,
 And clouds obscure yon distant mountain's brow;
 The roses fade, the violet hangs its head,
 And, DELIA absent, every charm is fled:
 But should the mistress of my soul advance,
 I join the song, I mingle in the dance;
 My nimble feet, responsive to the sound
 Of sprightly pipe, scarce seem to touch the ground;
 Above the rest my chearful voice I raise,
 By love and her inspir'd, to tune her praise;
 The rocky steeps again majestic rise,
 And the soft vale again enchants my eyes;
 The distant prospect brightens to the view,
 And flowers that seem'd to droop, revive, and live anew.

D A M O N.

Oft have I known the sighs of the distress'd,
 With kindred sighs to agitate thy breast.

When

When artful THIRSIS would thy ear assail
 With the soft influence of a well-feign'd tale
 Of two fond lovers, in whose tender hearts
 Cupid had fix'd a pair of pointed darts ;
 And how, for love of wealth, of fordid gold,
 The fair was to a richer lover fold ;
 Condemn'd, by cruel parents' harsh decree,
 The youth she loves no more, alas ! to see ;
 How, torn asunder, secret long they sigh'd,
 How for each other's sake at last they dy'd ;
 And how, too late, the cruel parents mourn
 Their age's comfort from their bosoms torn ;
 Oft have I seen thy softly-heaving sighs,
 And tears unbidden trickling from thy eyes.
 Still, cruel fair-one, still dost thou incline
 To bear a part in every woe but mine !

T H I R S I S.

When DELIA sings, 'tis extacy to hear
 Her voice so soft, so soft, and yet so clear !
 Each shepherd throws his pipe neglected by,
 Delighted with her sweeter melody.

Enchanting

Enchanting maid ! when I forget thy charms,
May foul distortion fill these loathing arms :
Ere that, the woodlark shall forsake the shade,
And ere the rose be blown, the bud shall fade ;
The herd their wonted pasture shall forego,
And at th' accustom'd crib forget to low ;
The nightingale his plaintive song give o'er,
And down yon rock the torrent cease to roar ;
In league the raven and the dove shall join,
And the proud elm be lowlier than the vine.

D A M O N.

While the pale glow-worm glitter'd on the thorn,
And ere the lark proclaim'd th' approach of morn,
Thro' the dress'd garden and the artless grove
I rang'd, to deck a garland for my love.
A wreath of various sweets did I compose :
The painted violet, and the blushing rose ;
The columbine, that hangs her modest head ;
The glowing pink, with streaks of various red ;
The pale jonquil, and fragrant jessamine,
With ever-living myrtle did I twine.

Well pleas'd, the blooming present I prepare,
 And haste to bear it to the sweeter fair:
 But while delighted o'er the plain I pass'd,
 The sun in radiance burst from forth the East;
 His heat grew strong: spite of the haste I made,
 The roses droop, the pinks the violets fade.
 Near yonder lake with pensive steps I drew,
 And in, with sighs, the faded garland threw.
 Still are we bless'd when Fortune proves a friend;
 But when she frowns, 'tis folly to contend:
 E'en now, too sure, those partial eyes I see
 On THIRISIS fix'd, too sure averse to me!

T H I R S I S.

As fate directed, or all-favouring love,
 Near the same spot I pensive chanc'd to rove;
 Musing, around I cast my careless eye,
 And on the lake the floating garland spy:
 A shadowy cloud obscur'd the solar beam,
 The flowers bloom'd fresh upon the friendly stream;
 Joyful I bore the present to my fair,
 And with it deck'd her shining auburn hair;

Sweet

Sweet prefage of success ! since which, impress'd
 In liveliest tints, hope fills my glowing breast ;
 And sure I read, in those dear, speaking eyes,
 A secret wish that I may win the prize.

D E L I A.

Cease, shepherds, cease ! suspend your tuneful lays ;
 Your equal merits claim my equal praise :
 To neither can the wish'd-for prize belong,
 For both alike excel in gentle song.
 But, DAMON, tho' a poet's praise be thine,
 The palm of love to THIRSIS I consign.
 Give o'er thy sighs, thy weak complaints forbear,
 For know, the heart that loves can ne'er despair ;
 Tho' doubts and fears the lover's peace molest,
 Hope still is nigh to cheer his anxious breast ;
 Whether in quest of pleasure or renown,
 Hope still the best, the best thy hope shall crown :
 Courage alone can fortune's ills redress ;
 He who deserves, will always hope success.
 Seek then some maid, in whose accomplish'd mind
 Goodness with female elegance is join'd ;

Leave every care behind thee, and to her,
 With better hope, a happier suit prefer :
 So shall thy honest flame successful prove ;
 So shall she meet thee with an equal love.

Cease then, sad youth, to languish and complain ;
 Himself, not fortune, DAMON should arraign :
 For still this ancient * maxim true shall prove,
 “ He who despairs, shall ne’er succeed in love.”

* Faint heart never won fair lady.

ZARA ; OR, THE SULTANESS.

AN EASTERN ECLOGUE.

THE vast seraglio blaz'd with radiant light,
 Gay sounds of pleasure charm'd the ear of night ;
 Rich brazen lamps adorn'd the stately rooms,
 Glitt'ring with gems, exhaling sweet perfumes :
 Beneath the feet were splendid carpets spread,
 And gilded roofs rose vaulted o'er the head ;
 On golden hinges doors of ivory close,
 Embroider'd sofas court to soft repose ;
 Voluptuous softness sunk in sweet excess,
 For Luxury had strain'd her power to bless. .
 At SOLYMAN's command th' assembled fair,
 To grace his hall and royal feast, appear :
 Each charm was there that cause sad lovers sighs,
 Soft rosy lips, blue veins, and sparkling eyes ;
 The varied plume, the robes that loosely flow,
 The beamy diamond, and the ruby's glow.

Around the monarch cast his piercing eyes ;
 And why is ZARA absent ? stern he cries ;
 Why comes she not, a chief invited guest,
 Why comes she not to grace our royal feast ?
 Go, tell the haughty beauty—yet forbear ;
 Tell ZARA, SOLYMAN attends her here ;
 Tell her, her lord, descending from his state,
 An humble lover, on her smiles shall wait :
 Yet bid her cease her utmost power to prove,
 Nor tempt too far our much-enduring love.
 Thou, SELIMA, the fullen fair invite
 To share the pleasures of the festive night.

Swift as he spake, obedient to his word,
 She flew to bear the mandate of her lord.
 Far from her train retir'd the queen she found,
 To grief resign'd, in hopeless sorrows drown'd ;
 With soften'd voice, and sweet beseeching air,
 She thus address'd the melancholy fair :

S E L I M A.

Why mourns the queen of SOLYMAN the Great ?
 What envious sorrows tend her glorious state ?

What wish ungratified can ZARA know?
 What blessing cannot SOLYMAN bestow?
 While subject worlds own SOLYMAN their lord,
 Hang on his smile, and live but by his word,
 Uncharm'd by greatness, careless would he part
 With subject worlds, to reign in ZARA's heart :
 Not all the grandeur of his lofty throne,
 His father's dazzling glories, and his own ;
 Not all the treasures of the golden East ;
 Not the rich splendours of the sumptuous feast ;
 Not melting airs, that float the bowers among,
 The mazy dance, the soft alluring song ;
 Not yon bright circle of the gay and fair
 Can charm our lord, if ZARA be not there :
 Yet she, retiring from his raptur'd eye,
 Sheds the sad tear, and heaves the plaintive sigh.
 Bright ZARA, to the royal feast repair,
 'Tis mighty SOLYMAN attends thee there ;
 Thy lord, descending from his wonted state,
 An humble lover, on thy smiles shall wait :
 But, ah ! forbear thy utmost power to prove,
 Nor tempt too far his much-enduring love.

Z A R A.

Curs'd be the hour that gave these hapless charms
 To hated SOLYMAN's detested arms !
 Oh ! had I dy'd before that fatal day
 Which tore me from my native plains away ;
 Then no proud tyrant had, with stern controul,
 Restrain'd the inborn freedom of my soul,
 Or vainly strove in splendid chains to bind
 Th' unbought affections, and excursive mind.

No time the memory of my wrongs can chase,
 Back shrinks my soul from his abhor'd embrace ;
 At his approach I hear Misfortune's moan,
 His father * shrieks, his captive brothers † groan :
 No princely views his abject soul engage,
 By turns he shakes with pride, distrust, and rage ;
 Then spurns his trembling slaves, with power elate ;
 Cruel, yet soft ; stern, yet effeminate ;

* Few of the eastern princes die natural deaths, being generally deposed and murdered by their sons or successors.

† When the Persian monarchs mount the throne, they imprison all their younger brothers for life ; and, effectually to prevent their giving them any disturbance, put out their eyes.

The flowing robe, the smile of study'd art,
Conceal the harden'd, unrelenting heart.

Love flies the prison where proud tyrants reign,
And scorns the base involuntary chain !

Take back these dazzling gems, this gaudy vest,
And, oh ! restore the peace of this sad breast !

Far from those paths which guilty greatness tread,
In deep retreat my infant days I led ;

An anxious mother nurs'd my tender youth,
And stor'd my ductile mind with sacred truth :

But, ah ! too soon, to dire disease a prey,
Death snatch'd her kind, her gentle soul away.

Oh ! had I then, like her, to rest retir'd,
Dy'd at her side, or in her arms expir'd !

Long did my eyes reject the dazzling light,
My ready soul was wing'd to take her flight,

When generous SELIM came to my relief,

Sooth'd my deep woe, and shar'd in all my grief ;

His bosom heav'd with sympathetic sighs,

And social tears flow'd plenteous from his eyes.

At length fair Comfort calm'd my troubled breast,

And grateful Love my soften'd soul possess'd :

Our parents mark our passion, and approve ;
 The morn was fix'd to crown our mutual love.

The fatal evening smil'd with calm deceit,
 Soft breath'd the air, the choral song was sweet.
 Thus, ere the dreadful whirlwind bursts from far,
 A death-like stillness calms the troubled air ;
 Thus Nature lulls the world in sleep profound,
 Ere the strong earthquake rocks the solid ground.

O come my love, he cry'd, the roses bloom,
 The spicy groves emit a rich perfume ;
 The setting sun declines his ardent beams,
 Faintly they tremble in yon lucid streams ;
 Nature revives to hail the parting day,
 “ Arise, my love ! my fair-one, come away ! ”
 Sweet was the gentle voice of him I love ;
 Smiling he led me to the spicy grove :
 Behold, he cry'd, again yon radiant sun
 His daily circuit round the world has run ;
 Ere yonder radiant sun again decline,
 My lovely ZARA shall be ever mine.
 Ardent he spake, to hope and love resign'd,
 Oh ! blind to fate ! to future anguish blind !

As near the forest's inmost maze we drew,
 The troops of SOLYMAN appear'd in view :
 The cruel spoilers seiz'd me for their prize ;
 Vain were my lover's threats, his piercing cries.
 Unhappy youth ! thy anguish still I see,
 Still flow these tears, still heave these sighs for thee !
 But tho' they tear me from thy guardian arms,
 Not force, nor bribes, nor flattery's soothing charms,
 Nor time, nor cruel absence, e'er shall part
 Thy much-lov'd image from my faithful heart.
 Yes, cruel tyrant ! tho' thy hated gate
 Be clos'd with bars more strong than those of Fate ;
 Tho' sable eunuchs watch the hours of sleep,
 And, open-ey'd, their ceaseless vigils keep ;
 Tho' horrid mutes, with unmov'd ghastly eye,
 And steady hand, the poison'd bowl supply ;
 Or quicker still, to soothe thy restless hate,
 The deadly bow-string end the work of fate ;
 Spite of thy caution, of thy jealous fear,
 Pierce, pierce my heart ! thy rival shelters there.

Curs'd be the hour that gave these hapless charms
 To hated SOLYMAN's detested arms !

Had we been born beneath the northern pole,
 Where beauty faintly warms the languid soul ;
 Where the long frozen earth, and wintry sky,
 Small means for art and luxury supply ;
 Where love can little joy or anguish give ;
 Where man's chief study is the means to live ;
 Then, free from passion, from affliction free,
 Calm life had pass'd in fair security ;
 Tho' rapture's sweets our souls could ne'er obtain,
 Ne'er had they drain'd the bitter cup of pain.

Or rather, had fair Albion given us birth,
 That seat of freedom, and that nurse of worth ;
 Where varying seasons take their temperate turns,
 Nor winter keenly bites, nor summer burns ;
 No desert winds embrown her verdant plains,
 No lawless spoilers rob her labouring swains ;
 No startled ear receives the captive's groan,
 But Justice guards, and Mercy gilds the throne ;
 Where generous Love and Reason jointly reign,
 And Sense and Virtue rivet Beauty's chain ;
 Nor guards nor bolts their wavering faith secure,
 But Love, that form'd the vow, preserves it pure :

There had kind Heaven but fix'd our envy'd lot,
 The humble tenants of some peaceful cot,
 Then wedded love had crown'd our constant flame,
 And sweet affection soften'd duty's claim ;
 Kind confidence had blest'd the social day,
 And peaceful years, unnumber'd, stol'n away ;
 Fair honour and esteem had crown'd my life,
 And ZARA blest'd the sacred name of wife !
 Ah ! charming dreams ! ye aggravate my woe,
 Nor peace nor comfort shall this bosom know.

Curs'd be the hour that gave these hapless charms
 To hated SOLYMAN's detested arms !
 No ray of hope, no transient gleam appears,
 Thro' the dark vale of long succeeding years ;
 But fresh returns of sadly varied pain,
 The lover's anguish, and the captive's chain.

There have been women who have nobly dy'd,
 And seiz'd that freedom tyrants have deny'd ;
 Why then endure this load of anxious cares ?
 Why have not I a soul resolv'd as their's ?
 Hence, idle fears ! hence to the timid breast
 By soft enfeebling happiness possess'd !

Chaste love shall gather courage from despair,
 Arm my weak heart, and teach me how to dare !
 Yes ! wretched ZARA shall no longer sigh,
 But seize her native privilege, to die !

Go, tell thy haughty lord the vow I make,
 Which prayers, nor threats, nor death itself, shall break :
 No future hour shall give these hapless charms
 To hated SOLYMAN's detested arms !

I see the ghastly mute before me stand,
 The welcome potion in his pallid hand ;
 Eager I snatch the life-devouring bowl,
 And drink sweet peace to this distracted soul :
 But, ere I sink in everlasting rest,
 My last deep sigh shall fly to SELIM's breast ;
 ' Shall tell him, not the world's great Lord could part
 His much-lov'd image from my faithful heart.

THE WANDERER.

A WINTER ECLOGUE.

TAKEN FROM A BEAUTIFUL EPISODE IN THOMSON'S
LAST SEASON.

'T WAS winter drear, all nature own'd its sway,
Brown were the fields, and leafless was the spray;
The silent songster shivering sought his nest,
The cattle droop'd, by fullen glooms oppress'd;
Scarce could the struggling day its light obtain,
The cold dark night usurp'd a lengthen'd reign;
The bleak north wind unceasing howl'd around,
And fleecy snow conceal'd the frozen ground;
When from his tufted cottage hies the swain,
To seek his flock on the extended plain.
With morn, slow rising, was the search begun,
The task pursu'd till faintly set the sun;
Then, sadly turning, back he sought to trace
His former steps, with slow and weary pace.

Again the bleak north wind begins to blow,
 Again descends the softly-falling snow ;
 Chill evening closes fast, in vapours lost,
 All nature stiffens in the bleaching frost.
 Full many a labouring step he strives, in vain,
 His former path, uncertain, to regain ;
 Nor land-mark can he see, nor village spire,
 Nor smoke far curling from the ruddy fire :
 Amaz'd, perplex'd, unknowing where to go,
 He gazes round, with looks of speechless woe ;
 With sudden fears and 'wildering doubts oppress'd,
 His hands he wrung, and smote his heaving breast ;
 And while each nerve confess'd the shivering smart,
 Thus burst the anguish of his tortur'd heart :

Ah ! whither shall my wand'ring footsteps roam ?
 How find the path that leads me to my home ?
 A stranger 'midst my native plains I stand,
 Unknown as distant wilds, or trackless sand.
 Her heaviest curtain night begins to spread,
 Nor know I where to turn, or safely tread ;
 One level waste the barren lands appear,
 And earth and sky a kindred livery wear ;

“ Fast,

“ Fast, and more fast, the flaky shower descends,”
 No prospect cheers, no shelt’ring hut defends ;
 Thro’ the thick air no star emits its ray,
 No beam appears to guide me on my way.

Ah ! whither shall my wand’ring footsteps roam ?

How find the path that leads me to my home ?
 What, if the cover’d pit my steps should meet,
 Or the fresh spring deceive my luckless feet ?
 The brawling brook, in icy fetters bound,
 No longer warns me by its well-known sound.

What if, smooth’d up with lightly drifted snow,
 I plunge where pointed rocks and brambles grow ?
 In vain my trembling limbs shall strive to rise,
 Beneath their weight th’ unstable surface flies ;
 In vain I struggle, numb’d and faint with fear,
 No friend, alas ! no saving hand is near !
 In vain for aid my piercing cries resound,
 My piercing cries the howling storm shall drown’d.
 Where, where my flock, ill-fated, have ye stray’d ?
 What shapeless drift your dreary lodging made ?
 No more your hapless shepherd shall ye view,
 Your shepherd, more forlorn, more lost than you !

Ah !

Ah ! little think they, who, in ermin'd pride,
 'Midst idle state and luxury abide,
 Who on rich Persia's labours softly tread,
 Or press in sweet repose the downy bed ;
 Ah ! little think th' effeminate and vain,
 The flutt'ring tribes of summer's sun-beam train,
 Who shun soft dews, and shiver at a breeze,
 Ah ! little think they of such ills as these !

What words the anguish of my soul can tell !
 My friends, my cot, my children, fare ye well !
 And thou, my Lucy, at whose darling name
 This bosom feels a last expiring flame,
 Farewel, thou much-belov'd ! oh ! cease to mourn
 His absence, who, alas ! shall ne'er return !
 Who now the means of comfort shall bestow ?
 Who, who shall guard ye safe from want and woe ?
 In vain the wholesome viands ye prepare,
 Rouze the bright flame, and place the ready chair ;
 No more your smiles of love shall bless my sight,
 No more your artless songs deceive the night ;
 No more within these arms ye shall be press'd,
 No more be folded to this guardian breast :

Scarce

Scarce can these stiff'ning limbs support my frame,
 This fault'ring tongue but half pronounce your name ;
 No words the anguish of my soul can tell :
 My cot, my wife, my children, fare ye well !
 Despairing spake the swain ; when on his sight,
 At distance, brake a faintly glimmering light ;
 A sudden hope his icy heart possess'd,
 A sudden warmth invades his freezing breast :
 As near the spot, with quicken'd step, he drew,
 His home, his much-lov'd home, appear'd in view ;
 Thro' the bright casement shone the ruddy flame,
 A thrilling transport rush'd thro' all his frame ;
 He sees his anxious Lucy watchful stand,
 His little ones with tears their fire demand :
 Forward with extasy the Wanderer springs,
 No more complains of toil, nor longer envies kings.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN UPON A SUMMER EVENING IN
RETIREMENT.

MILD evening, not unwish'd, returns ;
Her soft return will DAPHNE hail ?

The fever'd air no longer burns,

But freshness breathes in ev'ry gale :

Nature puts on her softest form,

Zephyr just dimples the calm silver flood ;

While plaintive Philomel's sweet note forlorn,

Fills with mild melody the neighbouring wood.

Oh, come, dear maid ! my flower-wove arbour grace,

With me invoke the sacred Genius of the place.

Come, gentle Peace ! daughter of Heaven, descend !

Thy suppliant's ardent wishes deign to crown ;

Thou who art Virtue's ever-smiling friend,

Tho' round her dire misfortunes sternly frown ;

Oh !

Oh, Power benign ! thy footsteps let us trace
 O'er wooded upland, or by rivulet's side ;
 Oh ! condescend our favourite haunts to grace,
 And in our social cottage deign to 'bide :
 For well we know, where Virtue dwells with thee,
 Celestial Happiness must love to be.

Be sweet retirement still our virtuous choice ;
 Unlur'd by Folly's false, but dazzling blaze ;
 Where Passion listens to calm Reason's voice,
 And bright Reflection beams her sacred rays ;
 Where Charity appears with open hands,
 And soft Compassion drops the tender tear ;
 Where faithful Love the generous soul expands,
 And Friendship blazes, open and sincere ;
 Where Honour strict the steady bosom warms,
 And Virtue smiles serene, in all her native charms.

Oh ! ye, by giddy Passion led astray,
 Harken awhile to her persuasive tongue ;
 No thorn she strews in Pleasure's flow'ry way,
 But Peace attends her steps, and Music tunes her song.

With thy own shield, bright goddess, arm my breast,

Give me to chant thy praise the woods among ;

Be friendship mine, and philosophic rest,

Far from the crouded city's busy throng :

For far from crouded haunts does Wisdom dwell ;

She flies the busy throng, and seeks the silent cell.

How little knows the dissipated breast

The pure and peaceful joys which thou canst give !

Little they know the sweets of rural rest

Who in perpetual noise and guilty cities live ;

Where Avarice burns t' increase his fordid store,

Where Riot wastes what Penury should share ;

Where midnight broils oft bathe the sword in gore,

And foul Disease infects the wholesome air ;

Where every crime and folly find a place,

And modest Virtue hides her deeply blushing face.

There dwell the sons of Softness and Excess,

Strangers to thee, and strangers to Delight ;

Who never knew th' angelic power to bless :

Languor consumes their morn, and Riot wastes
their night.

There too the fair and thoughtless waste their bloom,
 Unsocially polite, unpleas'dly gay ;
 Fantastic joys their ill-priz'd hours consume,
 And steal their useless lives all unenjoy'd away :
 Strangers to worth and dignity of mind,
 Slaves of those little charms, to face and form confin'd.

Little they know the inexpressive joy
 The friend sincere, the tender mother, feels ;
 The heart-felt sweets of Nature's magic tie,
 And the bright tear that from soft Pity steals,
 They never felt ; they never knew the bliss
 That waits alone on happy social life,
 Never receiv'd the kind paternal kifs,
 Ne'er blest'd the name of daughter or of wife :
 Ah ! how unlike what Nature meant to form,
 With every virtue grac'd, complete in every charm !

Vainly, ye sons of Folly, ye pretend
 That Pleasure dwells in softness and excess ;
 To her fair 'bodes your steps shall never tend,
 Shall never reach the feat of heaven-born Happiness.
 Nor

Nor true delight that joyless wretch shall know,
 In whose cold breast the social virtues pine;
 His heart shall shrink with solitary woe,
 Tho' on his face eternal pleasures shine:
 For never joy shall warm the frigid breast,
 Which, dead to social love, is by itself possess'd.

Be ours far other wishes, other joys,
 Far other scenes be painted to our view;
 Pleas'd will we 'scape from folly, glare, and noise,
 While reason bright, and fancy, ever new,
 Our steps attend: we'll court the tuneful Muse;
 The Muse shall deign our fancy to inspire,
 The sweetest strains her influence shall infuse,
 And fill our souls with her own sacred fire;
 To distant worlds transported shall they wing,
 For what the Muse inspires, th'enraptur'd bard must sing.

And thou, fair Peace, who lov'st the guiltless breast,
 Oh, come! and with thee bring thy radiant train,
 Bright Confidence, Security, and Rest,
 Exempt from Fear, Anxiety, and Pain;

Oh, come ! our constant soft companion be,
Bring us Content and philosophic Ease ;
Humble Content ; for, oh ! if blest'd with thee,
The humblest lot shall satisfy and please :
For well we know, where Virtue dwells with thee,
Celestial Happiness must love to be.

E P I S T L E

T O A

B E L O V E D S I S T E R,

WHO WAS ABSENT UPON A VERY LONG VISIT WITH
THE MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIENDS MENTIONED IN IT,
AND HAD SPENT SOME TIME AT H—— PREVIOUS
TO HER DEPARTURE.

FROM Moele's fair banks, whose crystal waters
flow,

Since they forsook them, tun'd to murmuring woe ;
From her cool bower these lines sad ANNA sends,
To greet, in distant groves, her much-lov'd friends.
Health to my friends ! where'er their steps they bend,
May ease and pleasure on those steps attend.

Whether on Virniew's fragrant banks they stray,
 Perfum'd with all the sweets of new-mown hay ;
 Whether ascend the hill, and thence survey
 The vale where Thanet steals its gentle way ;
 Whether the meadow's verdant bosom tread,
 To seek the mushroom in its grassy bed,
 Or through the varied garden chuse to rove,
 Or trace the mazes of the mossy grove ;
 Whether, in quest of Wisdom's sacred lore,
 Th' historic or poetic page explore,
 See doubts and errors by each search remov'd,
 Sweet feast of thought ! improving and improv'd ;
 Or, tir'd with these, the frolic whim obey,
 By Mirth inspir'd, as innocent as gay ;
 Or Music soothe the softly stealing hour,
 Under the spreading tree, or fragrant bow'r ;
 Health to my friends ! where'er their steps they bend,
 May ease and pleasure on those steps attend.

But, ah ! for me, my dear companions lost,
 What pleasures can our late gay Hanwood boast ?
 'Twas not the fragrant garden's varied sweets,
 Its glowing beauties, or its close retreats,

The murmuring brook, the cottage, or the grove,
 Or sacred name of home, that won my love
 Like friendship: friendship gave them power to charm;
 Friendship, benignly firm, and kindly warm.

Tho' a dear mother happily remains,
 And my first love, my tenderest duty claims,
 Alas ! what consolation can she be ?

Silent she gazes round, and sighs like me.

Tho' either sister claims an equal part,
 An equal int'rest in her ANNA's heart,
 Yet, absent from her sight, for one she mourns,
 And fondly counts the hours till she returns.

Thus when fierce fever rages thro' the veins,
 Or ague shakes with life-consuming pains,
 The tender mother views with fond despair
 Her dying hope, and makes him all her care:
 In vain her rose-lip'd cherubs round her throng,
 To win th' accustom'd smile, with lisping tongue;
 Each anxious thought on one dear care employ'd,
 With hasty frown she chides them from her side;
 Neglects the happiness she still can boast,
 And grieves incessant for the blessing lost.

When chearful morning, fresh from soft repose,
 With all the charms of fragrant beauty glows ;
 When the sweet lark forsakes his lowly nest,
 Upbraiding idle man's unneedful rest ;
 Like him refresh'd, the summons I obey,
 And haste to hail the newly-risen day ;
 To the fresh garden's gilded shade repair,
 But vainly seek my lov'd companion there ;
 Pensive the solitary walk prolong,
 Or chearless tune my unattended song.
 The little magic circle, that possess'd
 The best affections of my faithful breast,
 Disjoin'd and broken, cruel absence rends,
 Deny'd at once to view my most-lov'd friends ;
 Deny'd in sacred amity to bind
 Souls form'd for union, open and refin'd.
 Fond, idle wish ! in one fair hour to know
 Those pleasures lengthen'd life can scarce bestow.

But, tho' remov'd from many a valu'd friend,
 Her kindest amities the Muse would send ;
 Fain in her numbers would she see express'd
 The warmest dictates of her grateful breast ;

To each lov'd absent name she fain would pay
The grateful tribute of her simple lay.

First, for the master of that social dome,
My gentle MARY's hospitable home.
May varying blessings crown the circling year,
May jocund Spring her greenest mantle wear;
With roses crown'd, gay Pleasure at her side,
May Summer meet him in her glowing pride;
Never her stores may niggard Ceres hoard,
But pour them plenteous on his ample board;
With wavy grain may golden harvest smile,
And bless with countless sheaves the reaper's toil;
The purple grape its richest juice bestow,
The plum bloom fragrant, and the nect'rine glow:
And when cold Winter closes up the year,
May attic mirth his social dwelling cheer;
Around his hearth may friend, sedately gay,
Steal the long evening unperceiv'd away.

Nor be thou here forgot, dear, lovely maid!
O'er whose young days pale Sicknefs casts a shade:
Yet chearful Patience can its sting disarm,
And rob fell Pain of half his power to harm.

Oh,

Oh, Health ! thou life-endearing goddess, hear !
 To thee do I prefer my ardent pray'r !
 To her pale cheek thy freshest rose supply,
 And light thy brightest lustre in her eye ;
 With added charms her chearful life prolong,
 And give her ANNA theme for future song.

What new regard expressive shall I send
 To thee, my dear companion ! kindest friend ?
 What strong expression shall I find to prove
 The stronger feelings of a sister's love ?
 But vain th' attempt, beyond the Muse's art,
 To speak the dictates of th' expansive heart.
 Never may danger, pain, or grief, intrude
 On thy sweet hours of peaceful solitude !
 Never may discord, jealousy, or strife,
 Disturb thy happy days of social life !
 May all that can improve, exalt, refine,
 May all that gilds, that sweetens life, be thine !
 So shall thy pensive ANNA cease to sigh,
 Catch thy gay smiles, and share in all thy joy.
 Sweet privilege of friendship ! whose rich store
 Divided swells, and, giving, gathers more.

Farewel !

Farewel ! and tho' the Muse no genius fires,
 Accept the tribute friendly love inspires :
 Yet think not, tho' with cold, unpolish'd art,
 She feebly paints the feelings of my heart ;
 Think not her careless, rude, and simple strains,
 Speak half the kindness which that heart contains.

A S O N G,

FOR THE FAVOURITE WELCH AIR OF DAFYDD
GAREGWEN.

'T WAS on the Severn's fedgy margin
Penfive DAFYDD chanc'd to stray;
There, on the moss-grown bank reclining,
Tun'd to the winds his carelefs lay.

Steepy mountains heard his murm'ring,
Echo caught the plaintive fong;
'Mong pendent rocks the wild notes warbling,
Adown the dale soft founds prolong.

Sad his fate, whose heart, ftill changing,
Roves at large, and fix'd by none;
Happy he, who, free from ranging,
Fondly loves, and loves but one.

W R I T T E N

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH

O F A

MOST SINCERE AND AMIABLE FRIEND.

I NSTRUCT me, every friendly power,
Instruct me to complain,

To tell, in dear MARIA's death

The loss that I sustain :

Yet little need I to invoke

The aid of study'd art ;

From grief sincere spontaneous flow

The feelings of the heart.

This heart thy loss shall ever feel,

Thy loss shall ever moan ;

For, ah ! with thee, from this sad breast

What happiness is flown !

Thy

Thy converse sweet, dear, much-lov'd maid !

Could every care remove ;

'Twas pure as friendship's holy vow,

Soft as the smile of love.

With thee the summer day was short,

Nor winter evening tir'd,

Whether with sweet reflection fraught,

Or sprightly wit inspir'd.

Ah me ! how light are Pleasure's wings !

How swift she fleets away !

A day of sorrow is an age,

An age of joy, a day.

Ah ! why did Heaven our souls unite,

So soon condemn'd to part ?

Ah ! why, since form'd for so much pain,

Bestow the feeling heart ?

Yet, Sensibility ! to thee

We every pleasure owe ;

The heart that never felt thy pains,

Shall never transport know.

Not always Virtue's radiant shield

Her favourite breast defends,

Not always on the guilty head

The threaten'd stroke descends ;

Else had not innocence and worth

Felt Pain's invenom'd dart ;

Else had not Death, with ruthless sting,

Pierc'd dear MARIA's heart.

Yet let me not, too rash, complain

Of all indulgent Heaven,

Who knows when fittest to resume

The blessings it hath given.

Had Fortune, just to thy deserts,

With high exalting hand,

Plac'd thee in scepter'd grandeur great,

To bless some distant land ;

Unenvying had I view'd thy state,

Had seen thee shine above the rest,

And, tho' condemn'd to lose my friend,

Rejoic'd that she was bless'd.

And

And hast thou not a brighter crown,
A more exalted throne,
Than eastern monarchs can bestow,
Or low ambition known ?

Then let me study to deserve
In blifs like thine a part,
To meet thee in the realms of love,
And share again thy heart.
Hence, selfish grief ! to joy sublime
Hope every pang refines ;
So o'er the dark descending cloud
The glitt'ring rainbow shines.

WRITTEN UPON A VERY HOT
MORNING IN JULY.

WHEN the bright sun has reach'd his middle day,
And downward darts his fierce meridian ray ;
When panting herds take shelter in the wood,
Or plunge impatient 'midst the foaming flood ;
When silent songsters seek the bower's retreat,
When Nature faints, oppress'd by fervent heat ;
Give me, ye Powers, unseen, at large to rove
Thro' the thick mazes of the fragrant grove ;
On the cool mossy bank to court repose,
Or watch the murm'ring rivulet as it flows ;
Well pleas'd to view on its transparent breast
Calm Nature's fairest image soft impress'd,
And, musing on its glassy surface, spy
The shadowy clouds that in its bosom fly ;
Feel the cool zephyr wing'd with freshness blow,
And distant view the shower-portending bow ;

Then see the glossy rain descend apace,
 Dimpling the silver current's polish'd face;
 Attend reviving Nature's chearful voice,
 Receive the flow'rs perfume, and hear the birds rejoice.

Far higher pleasure shall my soul receive,
 Than joyless crowds or cumb'rous pomp can give;
 From each low passion shall my heart be free,
 Refin'd by Nature's sweet society.
 Bright when she blooms in ev'ry opening flower,
 Breathes in the gale, refreshes in the shower,
 Oh! say with what a soul he is endu'd,
 Who vacant gazes round, and calls it solitude?

TO DOCTOR ———,

WHEN A STUDENT AT EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN UPON THE FOURTH OF JULY,
BEING HIS BIRTH-DAY.

UNSKILL'D in soft poetic strains,
No Muse assists, no Genius fires ;
Yet kindly will a friend receive
The tribute true esteem inspires ;
The wish sincere, that every good
His future days may ceaseless bless,
From every ill his steps secure,
And, as his years increase, increase his happiness.
May pleasure ever on thy steps attend,
And, wing'd with joy, each moment fleet away !
Free from each selfish passion be thy breast,
Clear as the heavens, and as the season gay :

Not pleasure, such as agitates the heart,
 A rough, disturb'd, and overwhelming flood;
 But pure, unmix'd, congenial to the soul,
 The heaven-delighting power of doing good.

How little knows the vot'ry of excess
 The joy serene that from compassion flows!
 He who ne'er knew th' angelic power to bless,
 Ne'er felt the purest bliss that Heaven on man bestows:
 To pour cool freshness thro' the fever'd veins,
 To rob fierce torture of its keenest smart,
 To raise from paleness the enliv'ning bloom,
 Light the dim eye, and ease the throbbing heart;
 To wipe sad tears from the paternal eye,
 To bid reviving hope illumine the breast;
 Or, where the healing art can nought supply,
 By gentle acts to comfort the distress'd;
 From deeds like these, which angels might partake,
 Far higher pleasure shall thy soul receive
 Than low Ambition ever could bestow,
 Or laughing Folly to her votaries give.

Such deeds be thine ; and may approving Heaven

In recompence each real good bestow,

Give thee to taste of every pure delight

Which from benevolence and kindness flow :

So shall each year of added life

A thousand heart-felt blessings bring ;

So every good and every bliss be thine,

Which from th' untainted source of steady virtue
spring.

Thus, as the year's revolving round

Brings chearful on thy natal day,

With purest pleasures be it crown'd,

And, wing'd with joy, pursue its circling way.

EDWIN AND MATILDA.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN THREE PARTS.

IN ancient days, when Britain's sons
Were govern'd by the sword,
Ere equal laws alike had bound
The peasant and the lord;

In castles fenc'd with moat and wall
Two haughty barons reign'd,
And still, with unabated hate,
A deadly feud maintain'd.

Nor less their vassals, stern and bold,
With settled rancour burn;
While mutual injuries provoke
A quick and sure return.

Each

Each hour some cause of deep offence
 Their kindling fury found ;
 Whence wild confusion, strife, and death,
 Embroil'd the country round.

E'en to the chace in arms they went,
 To guard precarious life ;
 And oft the friendly feast became
 A scene of deadly strife.

SEWARD, to MORKER's Earl allied,
 Rode out at early morn,
 To trace the woodland forest wild,
 With hound and bugle horn.

Just at the entrance of the plain
 Young HENRY's train appear,
 Prepar'd, on courfers fleet and fair,
 To hunt the flying deer.

At once their ire began to glow,
 At once they gave command
 To check their courfers ardent speed,
 And made a mutual stand.

Then gallant HENRY, young and brave,
 Fix'd his firm spear in rest,
 And spurr'd his fiery courser full
 Against bold SEWARD's breast.

But fix'd as stands the sea-wash'd base
 Of some time-rooted rock,
 The warrior firm retains his feat,
 And scorns the threat'ning shock.

At once their breathless steeds they quit,
 And spring upon the plain ;
 There, face to face, and hand to hand,
 The combat to maintain.

Quick forth their shining faulchions fly,
 With mutual rage they burn ;
 Like lightning flash their glitt'ring blades,
 And wound for wound return.

Suspense possess'd the anxious mind
 Of every gazing knight ;
 Nor knew they what to hope or fear,
 So equal seem'd the fight.

Young

Young HENRY, active, light, and warm,
 With thirst of glory fir'd;
 And SEWARD, cautious, cool, and firm,
 By deadly hate inspir'd.

Long hung the fight with dubious poise
 In doubt's uncertain scale;
 Nor either combatant gives way,
 Nor either can prevail :

Till SEWARD, rousing all his might,
 With strength resistless press'd,
 And plung'd his keen and fatal sword
 In youthful HENRY's breast.

So falls the oak or lofty pine,
 When furious storms prevail ;
 So sinks the high-erected tower,
 When lightnings fierce assail.

To arms ! to arms ! fierce ELDRED cried ;
 Oh ! let it ne'er be said,
 That unprotected, unreveng'd,
 Our gallant leader bled !

His honour'd corse shall they resign
 Ere we from fight retire;
 That mournful present will we bear
 To his afflicted fire.

To arms ! to arms ! each knight exclaims ;
 Oh ! let it ne'er be said,
 That unprotected, unreveng'd,
 Our gallant leader bled !

Nor less bold SEWARD and his train
 For hardy deeds prepare ;
 Furious they burn to meet the foe ;
 Their shouts resound in air :

But soon, by force superior press'd,
 The prize of glory yield ;
 And slow retreating, step by step,
 Indignant quit the field.

Brave HENRY's corse his friends obtain,
 And sadly slow retire,
 The mournful off'ring to present
 To his afflicted fire.

Ah ! who shall paint the father's grief
 (The painful task I shun)
When breathless, pierc'd with many a wound,
 He saw his only son ?

Ah ! who shall paint the cruel pangs
 That rent his manly breast,
When in his arms, convuls'd with woe,
 The lifeless youth he press'd ?

But soon, superior to complaint,
 His grief to fury turns ;
Ardent he grasps his trusty spear,
 His soul for vengeance burns.

Arm ! arm ! my valiant friends, he cries,
 Due vengeance to obtain ;
Earl MORKER shall not live to boast
 The hour my son was slain !

E'en to his heart will I repay
 My valiant HENRY's death ;
To-morrow shall the strife begin,
 Nor end but with his breath.

Hie to the loftiest battlement,
 There found the bugle horn ;
 Bid all my vassals arm'd attend
 Before the rising morn.

Arm ! arm ! my valiant friends, he cries,
 Due vengeance to obtain ;
 Earl MORKER shall not live to boast
 The hour my son was slain !

PART THE SECOND.

THE bugle horn, with shrillest blast,
 Pierc'd thro' the still night air ;
 The vassals hear the well-known sound,
 And to their chief repair.

Arm'd with the faulchion, spear, and bow,
 Obedient to the call,
 Ere morning dawn, with ready haste,
 They crowd his ample hall.

There,

There, on a bier with fable hung,
 The lifeless youth they view ;
 Thus, ere the Earl his woes could speak,
 Their fatal source they knew.

With horror struck, and strong surprize,
 Some start with wild amaze ;
 While others droop the sorrowing head,
 Or stand in silent gaze.

In deepest grief their chieftain stands ;
 His unmov'd, mournful eyes
 Fix'd on the melancholy bier
 Where his lov'd HENRY lies.

At length his head he slowly rais'd,
 And view'd the duteous band ;
 Then thrice in vain essay'd to speak,
 And thrice he wav'd his hand :

‘ Too much of weak, unmanly tears
 ‘ Already have been shed ;
 ‘ ’Tis time, my friends, with other rites
 ‘ We grace th’ illustrious dead.

‘ ’Tis

‘ ’Tis not by soft complaints and sighs

‘ The brave should speak their woe ;

‘ For every tear the hero sheds

‘ A tide of blood should flow !

‘ Behold your youthful leader slain !

‘ His blood bold SEWARD stain’d ;

‘ But deeply shall he rue the hour

‘ Such fatal fame he gain’d.

‘ Rouse, rouse your wonted force and might !

‘ Oh ! let it ne’er be said

‘ In MORKER’s hall, that unreveng’d

‘ Your youthful leader bled !’

He spake, while every list’ning ear

Hung eager on the sound ;

He ceas’d, and instant murmurs rose

The vaulted hall around.

Lead us, with ardent voice they cry,

Sure vengeance to obtain ;

Earl MORKER shall not boast the day

Our gallant chief was slain !

That hour their silent march begun,
 Ere fled the drowfy night ;
 And with the morn Earl MORKER's towers
 Salute their eager fight.

From off the loftiest battlement
 Aloud the watchman cried,
 Arm ! arm ! Earl GODWIN's followers pour
 Down the steep mountain's fide.

The welcome found bold MORKER hears,
 And from his foft couch springs ;
 With vows, and threats, and clafhing arms,
 The lofty caftle rings.

Around their chief crowds many a knight,
 Of faith and valour tried ;
 And with the firft young EDWIN came
 To guard his father's fide.

His manly form in faireft mould
 Was caft, with every grace ;
 Proportion'd ftrength his limbs adorn'd,
 And faultlefs was his face.

In nature's prime, when manly years

Just shade the brow of youth ;

When glory fires the ardent soul,

And love of sacred truth.

His radiant eyes display'd a soul

Awaken'd and refin'd ;

Each look and changing feature spoke

A pure and perfect mind.

Arm'd in a coat of shining mail

The youthful hero stands,

And, fir'd with glorious thirst of fame,

The promis'd fight demands.

Nor long the promis'd fight delays ;

All eager to obtain

Bright victory, the hostile bands

Soon meet upon the plain :

There, front to front, in order'd ranks

They stand, a martial fight !

Impatient till the trumpet's sound

Gives signal for the fight.

The trumpet gave the wish'd-for sound;
Each chief, with spear in rest,
Like lightning spur'd his rapid steed
Against his rival's breast.

But who shall speak the hardy deeds
Of every valiant knight?
Deeds whose high prowess well might claim
A Homer to recite.

Ill suited to the female pen
Are war's uncouth alarms,
The rattling car, the neighing steed,
And dreadful din of arms;

Then most delighted, to describe
Sweet scenes of rural joy,
When Peace her downy wings unfolds,
And war and discord fly.

Ere ceas'd the lark's first morn'g lay
The furious fight begun,
Nor ended till the western sea
Receiv'd the setting sun.

Ah! then how dreadful 'twas to view
 Honour's enfanguin'd bed,
 With trampling steeds, and arms dispers'd,
 The dying, and the dead!

In every form of horror drefs'd,
 Grim Death at once appears;
 A thousand stern and ghastly shapes
 At once the monster wears.

Among the slain bold MORKER lies,
 With deathless glory crown'd;
 And near his side young EDWIN, faint
 With many a deep-felt wound.

Each manly scar the hero wore
 Right on his duteous breast,
 Nor ceas'd his hand to grasp the sword,
 Tho' shades his eyes oppress'd.

Full oft in vain bold SEWARD strove
 The battle to renew,
 Nor quits the sanguinary field
 'Till night obscures his view:

He quits the field ; but in his soul
 Revenge and hatred burn,
 And many an ardent vow he breathes
 Of quick and sure return.

Triumphant GODWIN now remains
 Sole master of the field,
 And vaunts aloud, that every power
 To his, perforce, must yield.

Around he views the deathful scene,
 And gives command, to bear
 The wounded knights from off the field
 With kind and courteous care.

With courteous care the wounded knights
 They to his hall convey ;
 But leave the dead, in proud contempt,
 To ravening wolves a prey.

To dungeons, dark and comfortless,
 The prisoners are consign'd ;
 But youthful EDWIN in a strong
 And lofty tower confin'd.

We pass young HENRY's obsequies;

The ceremonial state

Was such as wont upon the great

And titled lords to wait :

Which past, and solemn mourning o'er,

Earl GODWIN gives command,

That EDWIN and the prisoner knights

Before his eyes should stand.

His hall with many a warrior bold,

And beauteous dame, was grac'd ;

And near his side his latest hope,

The fair MATILDA, plac'd.

Not morning opening to the view,

Which light and warmth supplies,

A soften'd lustre could display

To emulate her eyes :

In all the glow of youthful charms

She shone beyond compare ;

By many an humble knight confess'd

The fairest of the fair.

With

With fix'd regard, on EDWIN's face
 Fierce GODWIN turn'd his eyes ;
 His HENRY's form, his HENRY's years,
 Fresh grief and rage supplies :

Yet calm his aspect he preserves,
 Nor did his eyes impart
 The settled hatred and revenge
 That rankled at his heart.

Thus ever-varying sweets exhale
 From Ætna's verdant fields,
 Each spicy grove and flow'ry vale
 Exhaustless beauty yields ;

But while all distantly admire
 Her sides in richness dress'd,
 Eternal bursts of raging fire
 Feed on her tortur'd breast.

Far different were young EDWIN's thoughts,
 By different objects fir'd ;
 MATILDA's face had caught his eyes—
 He wonder'd, and admir'd.

So fair a face, so fair a form,

His eyes had ne'er beheld,

So much in every charm and grace

The lovely maid excel'd.

Long, in delight and rapture lost,

His eyes had feasted there,

But soon the pleasing charm was broke

By GODWIN's voice severe :

‘ Behold,’ he cries, with waving hand,

‘ Behold the certain woes,

‘ The sure captivity and shame

‘ That tends on GODWIN's foes !

‘ Valour and fortune both unite,

‘ In this auspicious hour,

‘ To throw the strength of MORKER's house

‘ Entirely in my power.

‘ Before my unresisted might

‘ This band reluctant bends,

‘ For well they know upon my will

‘ Their future fate depends.

‘ But

- ‘ But think not that, on vengeance bent,
- ‘ We’re not to mercy prone ;
- ‘ For still to conquer and forgive
- ‘ In noble minds is one,

- ‘ By mercy sway’d, unhop’d, unsought,
- ‘ This hour it is decreed,
- ‘ That, without fuit or ransom paid,
- ‘ Each valiant knight be freed :

- ‘ One sacrifice, and one alone,
- ‘ Justice, severe, demands ;
- ‘ One victim HENRY’S ghost expects
- ‘ From these avenging hands.

- ‘ As in the curs’d and bloody fray
- ‘ My sole support was lost,
- ‘ No youthful heir for ever shall
- ‘ The house of MORKER boast.

- ‘ To-morrow, ere Aurora bright
- ‘ From out the east has pass’d,
- ‘ E’en on the spot where HENRY fell
- ‘ Shall EDWIN breathe his last.’

A shriek, as of extreme distress,
 Resounded through the hall ;
 The prisoner knights before the Earl,
 Imploring mercy, fall.

Not EDWIN so ; with mind serene
 He heard his sentence pass'd,
 And on his unrelenting foe
 A look superior cast.

‘ Think not I fear to meet my fate,’
 With steady voice he cry’d,
 ‘ Yet would that in the fields of fight,
 ‘ Like MORKER, I had dy’d !
 ‘ That from some brave and equal hand
 ‘ My soul had freedom found,
 ‘ Rather than from her feat expel’d
 ‘ By base plebeian wound.
 ‘ Yet not on me dishonour rests ;
 ‘ The brave can never share
 ‘ That infamy, contempt, and hate,
 ‘ Cowards and tyrants bear.

‘ Thy

- ‘ Thy offer’d mercy I would scorn ;
‘ Nor would I wish to live
‘ For any prize, save one alone,
‘ Within thy power to give.

‘ Nor can thy pride and ruthless hate
‘ A pang so keen prepare,
‘ That EDWIN boasts not fortitude,
‘ Without a groan, to bear.’

Then on MATILDA’S lovely form
Again he fix’d his eyes,
But sees her face bedew’d with tears,
Her bosom heave with sighs ;

On fair ELTRUDA’S faithful breast
Reclin’d her pensive head :
For him he knew those sighs were heav’d,
For him those tears were shed.

Then, falling at her father’s feet,
She rais’d her suppliant eyes,
And seiz’d, with eager grasp, his hand,
And thus with ardour cries :

‘ Forgive

- ‘ Forgive thy kneeling daughter’s tears,
 - ‘ Nor let them flow in vain,
 - ‘ But let her from thy oft-prov’d love
 - ‘ Her pleaded suit obtain !
 - ‘ Oft, when thy soul hath been possess’d
 - ‘ By dire revenge and hate,
 - ‘ Oft hast thou heard MATILDA’S voice,
 - ‘ And stopp’d the arm of fate :
 - ‘ Once more, oh ! let her prayer prevail !
 - ‘ Let not Misfortune share
 - ‘ Those base and painful punishments,
 - ‘ Which only Guilt should bear !
 - ‘ Nor Justice, tho’ severe and stern,
 - ‘ Such sacrifice demands ;
 - ‘ Nor HENRY’S ghost such deed expects
 - ‘ From thy avenging hands :
 - ‘ From earthly dross and passions free,
 - ‘ His soul no more shall know
 - ‘ Our wretched state, or aught regard
 - ‘ That passes here below.
- ‘ Then,

‘ Then, great in arms, in power complete,

‘ Oh ! let my father’s name

‘ With deeds of heaven-born mercy fill

‘ The silver trump of Fame !

‘ For sweeter is the heart-felt praise

‘ Which generous acts obtain,

‘ Than the harsh sound of conquests won,

‘ Or thousand rivals slain.’

She ceas’d ; for in her father’s eyes

The gathering furies burn,

While thus he frames his quick reply,

In accents harsh and stern :

‘ Stop, bold presumer on my love !

‘ Stop, ere my anger glows,

‘ Ere I account my only child

‘ Amongst my deadliest foes !

‘ Such shall I reckon every one

‘ Who would divert my hate,

‘ Or strive to snatch fierce MORKER’s son

‘ From his impending fate.

‘ Hence,

‘ Hence—dry those weak and idle tears,’

He said, with anger fir’d :

Slow from his feet the fair-one rose,

And, sighing deep, retir’d.

What then were youthful EDWIN’s thoughts,

By sudden hope possess’d ?

Then Love triumphant seiz’d at once

The empire of his breast.

At parting such a look she gave,

Shot thro’ a pearly tear,

’Twas more than pity could inspire,

More ardent, more sincere.

Ah ! magic sweet of youthful love,

That with such ease can rear

The tender plant of blooming hope,

’Midst barren, cold despair !

By gentle Pity’s voice unsway’d,

Stern GODWIN gives command,

That ere the dawn his vassals, arm’d,

Before his gate should stand ;

Left any, by compassion mov'd,
To SEWARD should disclose
The secret of young EDWIN's fate,
And he the deed oppose.

PART THE THIRD.

NOW evening, with her dusky wings,
Obscur'd the face of day,
And sunk in deep oblivious rest
The silent castle lay.

All but MATILDA's gentle eyes
Were clos'd in downy sleep ;
Those eyes which, since she left the hall,
Had never ceas'd to weep.

' And must he die !' she faintly cry'd,
' In life's too pleasing prime !
' Die by the hands of violence,
' Tho' free from ev'ry crime !

' Far

- ‘ Far other fate, if babbling Fame
- ‘ Report his actions right,
- ‘ Far other fate from Fortune’s hand
- ‘ Deserves the youthful knight.
- ‘ And sure, if well I read his eyes,
- ‘ Within his manly breast
- ‘ Each generous virtue is contain’d,
- ‘ For all are there express’d :
- ‘ Nay more, if rightly I conceive,
- ‘ They told me, were he free
- ‘ To spend his life as choice would lead,
- ‘ That life he’d spend with me.
- ‘ And shall I tamely sit and weep,
- ‘ Of saving power possess’d,
- ‘ While the fell murderer’s ruthless sword
- ‘ Is plung’d in EDWIN’s breast ?
- ‘ Ah, no ! that power will I exert
- ‘ Ere it be yet too late,
- ‘ Nor waste in doubt a single thought,
- ‘ But snatch him from his fate.’

A faithful

A faithful squire the fair-one had,
 Obedient to her will,
 Who wont her bounties to bestow,
 And generous acts fulfil ;

For other secret, till that hour,
 MATILDA never knew :
 Him to her sight she calls, and quick
 Instructs him what to do.

A liquid she possess'd, whose power
 With influence soft would steep
 The taster's senses, long and sure,
 In deep unconscious sleep :

This she commands her faithful squire
 To take with instant haste,
 And in a bowl of wine infuse,
 Which every guard must taste.

Next, in the habit of a page
 Her beauteous form she dress'd ;
 And, while compassion urg'd her speed,
 And fill'd her gen'rous breast,

Nor fear, nor virgin diffidence,
Her ardent steps restrain ;
And danger threats, and duty calls,
And reason pleads in vain.

With feet that lightly press the ground
She reach'd the lofty tower,
Where EDWIN, firm and undismay'd,
Expects his fatal hour.

Upon her ear a gentle voice
In plaintive numbers stole ;
She list'ning stood, while EDWIN pours
The feelings of his soul.

‘ Yes, lovely maid !’ he fondly cries,
‘ Contented will I die,
‘ Since for my fate that gentle breast
‘ Will heave a pitying sigh.

‘ Still in my ear thy accents sound,
‘ Thy lifted hands I see :
‘ Did she not kneel, and plead, and weep ?
‘ MATILDA wept for me !

‘ Ye balmy sighs, ye precious tears,

‘ Once more for EDWIN flow !

‘ And, oh ! be this the only grief

‘ That gentle breast shall know !

‘ Thy image from my faithful heart

‘ Not torture shall remove ;

‘ Nor till that heart forgets to beat.

‘ Shall it forget to love !’

No longer durst the listening maid

Indulge her wish to hear ;

For now the moon was mounted high,

The midnight hour was near.

‘ Up, up, fir knight, with speed !’ she cry’d,

‘ My leading steps attend ;

‘ In me behold a faithful guide,

‘ And a determin’d friend.

‘ No time for question now remains,

‘ For instant flight prepare ;

‘ Thy devious steps will I direct,

‘ And every danger share.’

- ‘ Ah ! fure thofe accents well I know,’
The eager lover cries ;
‘ Too deeply on this heart impreſs’d
‘ Are thofe angelic eyes !’
- ‘ Forbear,’ replies the blufhing maid,
‘ Nor waſte the ſwift-wing’d hour ;
‘ On inſtant flight thy life depends ;
‘ Fly while ’tis in thy pow’r !’
- ‘ And wilt thou ! wilt thou,’ cries the youth,
And ſeiz’d her trembling hand,
‘ Thy EDWIN’S fortunes deign to ſhare,
‘ His future life command ?’
- With fault’ring voice the fair replies,
‘ In vain would I conceal
‘ The ſentiments that ſway my heart,
‘ Which looks and deeds reveal.
- ‘ MATILDA’S future hours of bliſs,
‘ In number and degree,
‘ Her future days of joy or woe,
‘ Muſt all depend on thee.

‘ Haſte

' Haste then ! the moments fly apace,
 ' Too long our steps delay !'
 She said : they from the tower descend ;
 Her squire directs the way.

Close by the sleeping guards they pass ;
 Aided by powerful love,
 Before them bolts and bars give way,
 All obstacles remove.

Clear shone the moon's resplendent orb
 With bright and favouring ray ;
 The stars with sparkling lustre glow'd,
 To light them on their way.

While many a tender tale he tells,
 On EDWIN's arm reclin'd,
 With hasty steps the fair-one leaves
 Her native walls behind.

Just as the sun's first trembling beam
 Dispel'd the shades of night,
 His stately castle's lofty towers
 Salute glad EDWIN's sight.

Before them ran the trusty squire,
 And to the watchman calls ;
 Tell gallant SEWARD that your Earl
 Approaches near these walls.

The guards repeat the welcome sound,
 The sound bold SEWARD hears,
 But scarcely dares indulge his hopes,
 Or check his stronger fears ;

Till from the battlement again
 He hears the watchman call,
 And instant bursts of mingled joy
 Re-echo thro' the hall.

Around their lord his vassals press,
 Enraptur'd at his sight ;
 Nor less the joy brave SEWARD feels,
 And every faithful knight.

‘ Welcome,’ they cry, ‘ our much-lov'd lord,
 ‘ In every danger try'd ;
 ‘ Thou latest prop of MORKER's house,
 ‘ Its sole support and pride ! ’

Well pleas'd, he marks their duteous zeal ;
But wills them to confer
All honours on his lovely guide,
All homage pay to her.

Next he the venerable priest,
Without delay, commands,
In holy wedlock's sacred bonds
To join their plighted hands ;

Then bade with dance and festive mirth
The happy day be crown'd :
He spake, with sounds of general joy
The vaulted roofs resound.

From off the loftiest battlement,
Aloud the watchman cry'd ;
Arm ! arm ! Earl GODWIN's followers pour
Down the steep mountain's side.

Arm ! arm ! each valiant knight exclaims,
And meet the vengeful foe ;
In EDWIN's and MATILDA's cause
Our blood shall freely flow !

All pale, upon her EDWIN's breast

Reclin'd the trembling fair ;

' Ah ! spare,' she cry'd, ' MATILDA's life,

' Her aged father spare !

' What guilt, alas ! could equal mine,

' What misery could exceed,

' If by my husband's ruthless sword

' My wretched fire should bleed ?'

' Dismiss thy fears,' he fondly cries,

And clasp'd her to his breast ;

' Oh ! never be, by EDWIN's fault,

' This gentle heart oppress'd !

' Thy fire shall be my constant care,

' Throughout this hated strife,

' Sacred to me as late I held

' The noble MORKER's life.'

' One dear request I still would make,'

Replies the generous fair ;

' Oh ! let me on thy steps attend,

' And every danger share,

' When

‘ When wounded, shall my ready hand
 ‘ The healing balm apply ;
‘ So will I save thy precious life,
 ‘ Or on thy bosom die.’

‘ Let better hope illumine thy mind,’
 With soften’d voice he cries ;
‘ But, oh ! forbear, forbear to ask
 ‘ What love itself denies !

‘ Each future happiness of life
 ‘ With thee I’ll freely share ;
‘ But every danger, toil, and pain,
 ‘ Myself alone would bear.

‘ Then fare thee well, thou most lov’d !
 ‘ My absence cease to mourn :
‘ Heaven, for my sweet MATILDA’s sake,
 ‘ Will speed my swift return.’

He spake, and, breaking from her arms,
 Quick join’d his martial train ;
Who, burning ardent for the fight,
 Soon reach the hostile plain.

Nor less the ardour of the foe ;
Inspir'd by vengeful hate,
Where'er fierce GODWIN lifts his sword,
He deals the blows of Fate.

With ruthless ire around the field
He hunts for EDWIN's life,
Who cautiously eludes his search,
And flies the dreaded strife.

No other can his might withstand ;
Where'er the warrior turns,
Terror and flight precede his steps,
And dire confusion burns.

At distance, loud fierce GODWIN cries,
' Turn, base and recreant knight !
' No longer fly this lifted arm,
' Turn here, and prove its might ! '

So swift the thundering warrior press'd
On his reluctant foe,
Scarce had he time to mark his aim,
Or shun th' impending blow.

Then

Then down he dropp'd his uselefs spear,
 And bar'd his manly breast ;
 And thus, with supplicating voice,
 His haughty foe address'd :

‘ This happy morn thy daughter dear
 ‘ Became my wedded wife ;
 ‘ Forbid it, Heaven, a son should dare
 ‘ To seek a father’s life !

‘ Ah ! rather on this duteous knee
 ‘ Thus let me sue for peace ;
 ‘ Let all past enmity and hate
 ‘ Betwixt our houses cease !

‘ But if submission nought avail
 ‘ Thy settled hate to move,
 ‘ Strike here, and pierce the faithful heart
 ‘ That boasts MATILDA’s love.’

United hate and fury burn
 In rancourous GODWIN’s eyes ;
 ‘ Yes, take the death thou hast deserv’d !’
 With quivering lip he cries :

‘ My

‘ My ruin’d house, my children lost,

‘ This great revenge demand !’

He spake, and lifts the pond’rous sword

High in his blood-stain’d hand.

With lightning’s speed, unseen before,

Forward MATILDA press’d ;

And while she cried, ‘ Spare, spare my love !’

Receiv’d it in her breast.

‘ Thrice welcome wound !’ the fair exclaims ;

‘ Without complaint or sigh,

‘ To guard from harm her much-lov’d lord

‘ Shall glad MATILDA die !

‘ Thy safety was my only care,

‘ ’Twas all that I desir’d !’

Then, faintly smiling, press’d his hand,

And in his arms expir’d.

Amaz’d, he feels her bosom cold,

Beholds her eye-lids close,

And on her cheek the lily pale

Succeed the blushing rose.

Distraction seiz'd his trembling frame ;

‘ Return, return ! ’ he cried ;

Then, bending senseless o’er her form,

His quivering accents died.

But, soon reviv’d to keener pangs,

Her clay-cold lips he press’d,

And heav’d an agonizing sigh,

And strain’d her to his breast.

‘ Oh ! stay, MATILDA, stay ! ’ he cried,

‘ Our loves not death shall part ! ’

Then seiz’d his sword with fatal speed,

And plung’d it in his heart.

PASTORAL BALLADS.

PASTORAL THE FIRST.

WHY sighs my lov'd DELIA so deep?
Why flies she the sight of her swain?

In safety thy lambkins may sleep,

The wolf is chas'd far from the plain.

See the meadows in verdure are dress'd,

Thro' the corn-waving vallies we'll rove;

Come, tell me the pains of thy breast,

Those pains let thy THIRISIS remove.

Tho' DAPHNE has wedded a swain

Whose riches are greater than mine,

Tho' vanity swells in her train,

And luxury bends at her shrine;

Of worlds were thy shepherd possess'd,
 Those worlds he would freely impart ;
 He has made thee the queen of his breast,
 And thy charms are enthron'd in his heart.

Has DELIA forgot when we stray'd
 Thro' the coppice that grows by the mill,
 While the nightingale sung in the shade,
 And the willows hung over the rill ?
 How she vow'd that her swain and her cot
 Were the all of her humble desire,
 That she envy'd no princess her lot,
 Or to pleasures more high would aspire ?

When we watch'd the clear rivulet glide,
 Regal'd by the sweet-scented hay,
 Fair Cheerfulness smil'd by my side,
 And Content tun'd the nightingale's lay :
 Thy smile could charm sorrow away,
 Could passion and anguish controul ;
 Thy smile was the beam of my day,
 And the sunshine that gilded my soul.

Ah! why does ambition intrude,
 Our exquisite blifs to destroy,
 To poison the sweetness of life,
 And dry up the fountain of joy?
 Ambition let heroes pursue,
 Quitting peace for its bustle and glare;
 But what has ambition to do
 With the gentle, the kind, and the fair?

Since DELIA no more can delight
 To ramble the woodlands among,
 Where the hawthorn blooms gay to the sight,
 And the thrush tunes his elegant song;
 No more in those woodlands I'll stray,
 No more in yon valley I'll rove;
 For it was not the nightingale's lay
 That made me so fond of the grove.

Those sounds which such joy could impart,
 Now increase both my anguish and moan;
 No pleasure can cheer my sad heart
 When I range thro' the woodlands alone.

But

But come, my lov'd DELIA, oh ! haste ;

To charm thee all nature unites :

Each innocent joy let us taste ;

It is love, 'tis thy THIRSI invites.

On my arm thou shalt gently recline,

Sweet converse shall shorten the hour ;

The magic of love shall refine,

And add sweets to each gale and each flower :

The thrush, as delighted we stray,

His elegant song shall repeat ;

The valley again shall be gay,

And the nightingale's lay shall be sweet.

PASTORAL THE SECOND.

WHY flies the fleet chariot so swift,
That conveys my false lover away?—

Ah, cruel! reflect on thy vows!

Stay, barbarous CELADON, stay!

Reflect on thy vows and thy sighs,

How oft thou hast sworn to be true:—

See! swifter and swifter it flies;

Ah me! it is lost to my view!

Ye virgins, so artless and gay,

Be timely admonish'd by me;

Nor ever attend to the vows

Of a youth of superior degree.

When they tell you their love is sincere,

Ah! trust not the flattering guile;

Regard not the sigh or the tear,

The passionate glance and soft smile.

It was long ere my heart could believe,
 That a youth so exalted as he
 Would descend to be faithful and true
 To a damsel so humble as me :
 But his words were so open and clear,
 He would plead with so winning a grace,
 How could I but think him sincere,
 When each sentiment glow'd on his face ?

He would vow that no maiden besides
 E'er possess'd such a share of his heart ;
 And before he'd relinquish my love,
 With his titles and wealth he would part :
 That just was his every intent,
 That he ever most constant would prove ;
 And tho' a proud lord by descent,
 He would be a mean shepherd in love :

That simplicity, sweetness, and truth,
 Could only enamour his breast ;
 That in me was their union complete,
 And on me his affection should rest :

For the dames of the town had forfook
 Every charm that engages the heart ;
 That each sentiment, action, and look,
 Like their faces, were cover'd by art.

When the screech-owl and raven's harsh notes
 O'er the nightingale's song shall prevail ;
 When the glare of the pencil or loom
 Shall vie with the rose of the vale ;
 Then the polish'd coquette shall compare
 With thy artless perfections, he cries ;
 Then the diamonds in CHLORIS's hair
 Shall rival my PHILLIS's eyes.

He would vow, from a heart so sincere
 Not a moment his passion should range ;
 He would bid me depend on his love,
 That it never should vary or change :
 Thus he talk'd, and I fondly believ'd,
 Till gay summer fled jocund away ;
 But no longer, alas ! I'm deceiv'd,
 Not my tears can induce him to stay.

Brown autumn, retiring apace,
 To winter resigns up the year ;
 How faint are the sun's chearing rays,
 How sickly does Nature appear !
 The hawthorn, which late was so gay,
 How thorny, mishapen, and bare !
 No longer the thrush tunes his lay,
 Or the violet perfumes the sweet air.

Gay summer, returning again,
 Shall bid the sweet violet bloom ;
 The hawthorn again shall be gay,
 And the thrush his soft note shall resume :
 But ne'er can gay summer's return
 This ravage and ruin repair,
 Or bid the sad heart cease to mourn
 That is blasted by love and despair.

PASTORAL THE THIRD.

MY days in sweet mirth still returning were spent,
 No shepherd was e'er more than COLIN content;
 While LUCY was with me each joy did I prove,
 Nor envy'd a monarch, possess'd of her love :
 Each morn at my cart and my plough still I smil'd,
 I valu'd no labour, for LUCY I toil'd ;
 And at eve, when returning along the gay plains,
 One kifs from her lips would repay all my pains.

The birds chanted music in every grove,
 And the gale breath'd perfume to enliven my love ;
 How gay were the woodbines that dress'd my calm cot,
 How sweet was my labour, how blest'd was my lot !
 But, alas ! she is gone, and away is fled joy ;
 All the day do I mourn, all the night do I sigh ;
 Of my cot I grow weary, neglect my poor sheep,
 For now LUCY is gone I do nothing but weep.

What

What avails that my cottage with woodbines is dress'd,
 That my fields are more verdant and rich than the rest;
 That all playful my heifers and lambkins appear,
 That the grotto is cool, and the rivulet clear?
 What avails, when I go to the wake or the fair,
 That I'm reckon'd the cleverest swain that comes there,
 If Lucy, unmov'd by my merit and charms,
 Despises my passion, and flies from my arms?

See my pipe, how neglected, thrown carelessly away,
 No longer attun'd to her favourite lay!
 See the lambkin I taught to take food from her hands,
 How mutely complaining, how pensive he stands!
 Ah never, false Lucy! (believe what I tell)
 Shalt thou meet with another that loves thee so well!
 Ah never, tho' ardent and true they appear,
 Shalt thou meet with a passion so warm and sincere!

PASTORAL THE FOURTH.

SEE, DAPHNE, see the opening morn
 Gilds every dew-drop on the thorn !
 See how the sun's first trembling beam
 Plays in yon riv'let's silver stream !
 See how that riv'let, as it flows,
 Kisses the down-bent blushing rose,
 Who hangs her head, o'ercharg'd with dew,
 In the clear stream her like to view !

See how yon lofty hills arise,
 And seem to prop the vaulted skies !
 See yon tall oaks their branches rear,
 And scorn the threat'ning storm to fear !
 Again behold that humbler grove,
 Which zephyrs fan, and wood-nymphs love !
 Behold that lawn's enamel'd green !—
 All this from DAMON's cot is seen.

And

And deign, my love, to cast thy gentle eyes
 Where DAMON's humble, peaceful cottage lies :
 His cot, tho' small, with each convenience blest'd ;
 Tho' low the roof, with moss and woodbines dress'd.
 Fresh is the air, and healthful is the dale,
 Blooming-the flowers, whose sweets perfume the gale :
 Oh ! come and breathe the air, come view the scene,
 Which from thy DAMON's peaceful cot is seen.

Alas ! if DAPHNE be not there,
 All clouded does the morn appear ;
 The river discontented flows,
 Nor stops to kiss the bending rose ;
 All rugged yonder hills ascend,
 Rude storms appear yon oaks to rend ;
 The grove, the lawn, no more are green,
 No charm from DAMON's cot is seen.

The fragrant woodbine hangs its head,
 Its sweets are lost, its beauty fled ;
 No more the rose its charms can boast,
 The air has all its freshness lost ;

Lawns, groves, and streams appear to moan,
 Their charms dispers'd, their sweetness gone.
 Ah ! if my DAPHNE be not there,
 How sad does DAMON's cot appear !

But come, my love ! to welcome thee
 All Nature smiles, all join with me :
 Come, make thy DAMON's cottage gay,
 Let all things breathe the sweets of May ;
 Cull each fair flower that paints the lawn,
 Our chearful dwelling to adorn.
 Were DAMON's cot adorn'd by thee,
 Ah ! what a cot would DAMON's be !

PASTORAL THE FIFTH.

SURE happiness is but a name,
 That deceives us with fancy'd delight ;
 A bright, but fantastical flame,
 Which appears but to fade from the sight.
 My PHILLIDA's smile was so sweet,
 And her words were so artless and kind,
 That I could not suspect of deceit,
 What appear'd so sincere, so refin'd.

What merit does THIRSIS possess
 That I may not well reckon my own ?
 Does he woo with superior address ?
 Has his pipe a more musical tone ?
 Tho' he trips it so light on the plain,
 As lightly my steps bound along ;
 As soft is my pastoral strain,
 As engaging and sweet is my song.

But

But he boasts the smooth skill to persuade,
 In flattery's mean arts he excels,
 And he scorns and exposes the maid
 Who believes the false tales that he tells.
 Ah! PHILLIS, believe not his tale,
 His often-chang'd passion despise!
 Ah! let not his falshood prevail,
 Regard not his oaths or his sighs!

But PHILLIDA's vows are forgot,
 My fond eyes she refuses to bless;
 She despises my rustical cot,
 And courts the false shepherd's address.
 Yet why should such trifles give pain?
 Why am I so easily mov'd?
 Tho' with THIRSIS she danc'd on the plain,
 ALEXIS is not less belov'd.

When THIRSIS a garland did bring,
 And laid it at PHILLIDA's feet,
 Compos'd of each flower of the spring,
 She declar'd that the roses were sweet.

Why did she the present receive ?

Ah ! why did she smile on the swain ?

Till then I could never believe

That my PHILLIDA's smile could give pain,

Yet let me not rashly complain,

My charmer still faithful may prove ;

Why then does she fly from the plain ?

Why does she not smile on her love ?

But perhaps I offended her ears

With harsh words that were hasty and wrong ;

Ah ! PHILLIS, forgive the wild fears

Of a passion too ardent and strong !

Forgive the harsh things that I said ;

They did not proceed from my heart ;

Hadst thou seen how it inwardly bled,

Thy own would have felt for its smart.

Forgive me ! and quickly appear,

My heart and my lambkins to share ;

Oh ! prove that thy love is sincere,

Or ALEXIS will die of despair,

PASTORAL THE SIXTH.

TALK not of contentment and ease,
 Say not grief will my beauty destroy ;
 No more I'm ambitious to please,
 He is gone whose applause was my joy.
 My love was the pride of the plains,
 With him could no shepherd compare ;
 He was envy'd and fear'd by the swains,
 But admir'd by each sensible fair.

How fondly I lov'd the dear youth
 My sighs and my blushes can prove ;
 But he never suspected the truth,
 Ne'er imagin'd those blushes were love.
 How I dreaded that love should appear,
 When delighted I view'd every grace !
 Sure each thought of his breast was sincere,
 For each thought was impress'd on his face.

What

What a trembling has seiz'd my whole frame,

Oh ! how it would thrill thro' each part !

If another but mention'd his name,

What fluttering I felt at my heart !

On his form unobserv'd when I gaz'd,

While his eyes on fair CHLOE were turn'd,

If those eyes to my face he has rais'd,

How my breast with confusion has burn'd !

Tho' they tell me for love I was made,

That my wit can each bosom alarm,

Yet my tongue still refus'd me its aid,

When I most was ambitious to charm.

Before I beheld the dear swain,

No maid was so chearful as I ;

Not a shepherd or nymph of the plain

E'er discover'd me venting a sigh :

Each maid did I love as a friend,

I felt for each fair-one's distress ;

For beauty I ne'er would contend,

Never wish'd their perfections were less.

But

But now, O how alter'd am I !

How mean and ungenerous grown !

Not a charm that I see them enjoy,

But I instantly wish it my own.

ALEXIS, return to the plain !

All grief, all dejection remove ;

But, alas ! he suspects not my pain,

He suspects not poor PHILLIDA's love.

With CHLOE, the rich and the fair,

Thro' scenes of delight does he range ;

Yet, ah ! simple shepherd, beware,

For CHLOE, fair CHLOE, can change.

Tho' her eyes like the diamond appear,

Tho' her lips drink the ruby's bright hue,

Yet poor PHILLIDA's heart is sincere,

Her affection is constant and true :

But fair CHLOE is greater than I,

And ambition thy soul has possess'd ;

It has bound thee with magical tie,

And quite seal'd up the door of thy breast.

ALEXIS

ALEXIS the cottage disdains,

He hastes where the great-ones resort ;

He will never return to the plains,

With gay CHLOE he flies to the court.

Then no more of my griefs let me speak,

Those griefs may ALEXIS ne'er know !

Yes, poor feeling heart, thou may'st break,

But ne'er shalt discover thy woe !

PASTORAL THE SEVENTH.

HOW sweet were the days I have seen,
 (Ah me ! that such pleasures should fade !)
 When I tended my flock on the green,
 Or reclin'd with my pipe in the shade !
 My heart was a stranger to woe,
 It knew not ambition or fear ;
 My flock was as white as the snow,
 And my pipe than the blackbird more clear.

Undisturb'd was my nightly repose,
 Gay dreams added pleasure to rest ;
 Full of vigour and lightness I rose,
 Ere the lark left his grass-woven nest :
 Ripe harvest embrown'd my rich field,
 With woodbines the hedges were crown'd ;
 How sweet the perfume it would yield !
 How it flung its wild branches around !

How

How pleasingly summer has flown ;
 Nor fear'd I cold winter so drear ;
 My well-cover'd cot was my own,
 And DAPHNE, dear DAPHNE, was there !
 What gladness her sight would inspire !
 Her charms were the theme of my lay ;
 With fresh fuel I loaded my fire,
 And carol'd the evening away.

For her my clear fountain o'erflows,
 For her spread the oak and the pine ;
 For her pleasure I planted the rose,
 For her taste prun'd and cultur'd my vine.
 To a palace, where monarchs reside,
 She prefer'd my calm humble retreat ;
 She envy'd no queen in her pride ;
 She would smile, and my joy was compleat.

Such felicity what could destroy,
 But the absence of her I adore ?
 She smil'd every object to joy ;
 She is gone, and they charm me no more.

Her presence gave summer its bloom,

For her the rich harvest I stor'd :

No longer can roses perfume,

Nor the grape any sweetness afford.

But 'tis friendship has call'd her away ;

How then can I her absence reprove ?

Yet, ah ! why prolongs she her stay ?

Can cold friendship be dearer than love ?

I am sure she would haste her return,

Did she know of my anguish and fears ;

How each moment her absence I mourn,

And how dull every pleasure appears.

In the dance when the villagers join,

Crown'd with garlands and chaplets so gay,

'Tis her absence allows them to shine,

They look fair because she is away.

Now LUCY the vain is admir'd,

Now CHLOE and DELIA delight ;

When the monarch of day is retir'd,

We adore the pale regent of night.

In the dance when the villagers join,
 Crown'd with garlands and chaplets so gay,
 While I gaze how I inly repine,
 And accuse my lov'd charmer's delay.
 But why thus should I sigh and complain ?
 I will follow the steps of my love ;
 I will bring her again to the plain,
 And her presence all care shall remove.

Then her charms shall enliven my song,
 To my pipe shall soft echo resound ;
 By her side the sweet theme I'll prolong,
 And the blackbird shall mimic the sound :
 My cot shall be chearful again,
 She shall bless my calm humble retreat ;
 Again shall she smile on her swain,
 And his joy shall again be complete.

PASTORAL THE EIGHTH.

SEE how the sweet eglantines mourn !

See the roses with blushes declare,
That they bloom'd for ALEXIS alone,
That they fade when the shepherd's not here !

Approach, ye sad virgins, and say,
Did ye ever behold such a youth ?
He was mild and engaging as May,
He was open and fearless as truth.

He never a worm would annoy,
Yet the high-mettled steed could controul ;
He dar'd not an insect destroy,
Yet he shrunk not when thunder did roll.

When he tun'd the sweet pastoral lays,
How the shepherds around him would throng !
How the air would resound with his praise !
How they sigh'd when he finish'd his song !

Ah me ! 'twas so gentle and sweet !

He would play with such softness and art,
That the sounds in my bosom would beat,
For the music sunk into my heart.

My shepherd to me was so dear,

That my heart ne'er again shall know peace :
Ye virgins, my love was sincere,
My affection can never decrease.

With his loss my continual theme,

Thro' the vallies and woodlands I'll rove ;
With my tears I'll augment the dull stream,
And sad Echo shall sigh for my love.

Ah ! vainly our loss we deplore !

In vain do we sigh and complain !
Can our sorrows ALEXIS restore,
Or give PHILLIDA ease from her pain ?

Yet still, while remembrance shall last,

While merit and virtue shall move,
I'll hang o'er the joys that are past,
Still reflect on his truth and his love.

Then away with the pipe and the song ;

Come, virgins, with me to deplore :

Let sighs be the notes we prolong,

For ALEXIS, our pride, is no more !

I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR A SEQUESTERED RETREAT, CALLED THE BOWER
OF OBERON,

IN A BEAUTIFUL ROMANTIC PLEASURE-GROUND.

ROUND these fair scenes direct your eyes,
Nor let their beauties raise surprize ;

The various wonders that ye see
(Be grateful, mortals) spring from me.
O'er this enchanted vale I reign,
And here my elfin state maintain :
On me the fairy race depend,
A thousand sprites my nod attend ;
Beneath each shining leaf they lie,
Unseen by gross material eye ;
With charms each bending branch is bound,
And many a magic spell is round.

Tremble, thou wretch, whose fordid breast
By selfish passions is possess'd !

Whose foul is mean and insincere ;
 Tremble, nor dare to enter here !
 Expos'd thy every thought shall lie,
 Thy heart be read by every eye.
 But let the generous, brave, and kind,
 The foul sincere, the cultur'd mind,
 Unaw'd by guilt-pursuing fear,
 And freely welcome, enter here.

For such I scatter sweets around,
 And deck this fair enchanted ground ;
 For such this close retreat I made,
 For such I rais'd this magic shade ;
 Their steps with guardian care I guide,
 And turn each danger far aside ;
 The evening damps I waft away,
 And fan with fresh'ning gales the day ;
 With brighter glow I gild the morn,
 I hang the dew-drops on the thorn ;
 The swelling bud I watchful tend,
 From worms and chilling blights defend ;
 I give its tints a livelier bloom,
 And bid it breathe more rich perfume ;

I polish

I polish yon transparent lake,
 I dress with roses yonder brake ;
 The lofty mountain I illumine,
 And give the dell its solemn gloom ;
 I make the bubbling fountain spring,
 I teach the linnet how to sing.

Come then, ye justly favour'd few,
 These beauteous scenes were form'd for you.
 Repose ye in my fairy bowers,
 And taste the stream, and press the flowers ;
 Gay dreams, by liveliest fancy dress'd,
 Shall hover round ye while ye rest.
 Come then, unaw'd by guilty fear,
 And, freely welcome, enter here.

I N S C R I P T I O N,

TO BE HUNG UPON A LARGE OLD TREE,
WHICH STANDS OPPOSITE A ROCK, THAT
OCCASIONS A STRONG ECHO.

OH! ye who haunt this peaceful vale,
Beware what themes ye make your choice;
Dare not a guilty wish reveal,
Left ye're betray'd by Echo's voice.

For there, in yonder pine-crown'd rock,
Midst many a winding cave she dwells,
Catching each faintly-passing sound,
Which to the winds aloud she tells.

Let not the guiltless bosom fear,
Each virtuous theme will be its choice;
Nought hurtful to the good dwells here,
Innocence fears not Echo's voice.

I N S C R I P T I O N

I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR THE ENTRANCE OF A SOLITARY WALK, LEADING
TO A HERMITAGE ;

HUNG UPON A TREE WITH A SEAT UNDER IT.

STRANGER, would'st thou enter here,
Leave behind thee guilty Fear ;
Root Ambition from thy mind,
Give Care and Envy to the wind :
No such passions should intrude
On the sweets of solitude.

Bring varying Fancy, ever young ;
Bring Judgment clear, and Reason strong ;
Bring chearful Hope, fair Virtue's child ;
Bring lowly Temperance, chaste and mild ;
Bring Contemplation, silent maid,
Who loves to haunt the solemn shade.

With

With these, if Philosophic Ease,
 If pure Simplicity can please,
 Here, stranger, rest, or freely rove
 O'er yon rock, or thro' yon grove,
 Secure ;—no ill can e'er intrude
 On Virtue and sweet Solitude.

FOR THE ENTRANCE OF THE HERMITAGE. ¹

I F, by Contemplation led,
 And love of Wisdom's sacred lore,
 The lowly vale thy steps would tread,
 Or trace the upland thicket o'er,
 Awhile repose thee in my cell,
 Where Contemplation loves to dwell.

Oft-times does the courtly fair
 Deign to visit my retreat,
 Quitting the world's fantastic glare
 For sober thought and converse sweet ;
 Then scorn not thou the lowly cell,
 Where Grace and Beauty love to dwell.

If cruel cares disturb thy breast,
 And rob thy troubled soul of peace,
 Enter here, secure of rest,
 And bid each ruder passion cease ;
 No cruel cares disturb the cell,
 Where Truth and Wisdom love to dwell.

Let not solitude alarm,
 Or fill thy timid breast with fear ;
 To guard this sacred spot from harm
 Friendly sprites unseen are near ;
 Nought hurtful can approach the cell,
 Where Peace and Virtue love to dwell.

TO BE PLACED WITHIN THE HERMITAGE.

COME, Nature's children, ye who love, like me,
 The peaceful dwellings of Simplicity,
 Who court the woodland solitude, and know
 The sweets that from divine reflection flow ;
 Come, share the counsels of my aged breast,
 Come, taste with me the sweets of rural rest.

And

And ye, whom meaner joys can more invite,
 Whom feast and song, and midnight dance delight,
 Ah ! pause awhile 'midst pleasure's wild career,
 The voice of reason, of experience, hear.
 Believe not all is joy that boasts the name ;
 Believe not pleasure and excess the same :
 Disgust and disappointment still await
 The numerous wishes luxuries create ;
 While he who little wants, can greatly rise
 Above their pleasures, and their pains despise.

When smiles the spring, and every vernal hour
 Gives birth to some fresh herb or painted flower,
 From yonder mead my sweet repast I bring,
 And draw my bev'rage from yon healthful spring :
 When winter bites, the frugal squirrel's hoard
 Of clust'ring filberts crowns my simple board ;
 Dry'd leaves and rushes form my artless bed,
 And fragrant moss supports my careless head ;
 No tyrant passions rule my peaceful breast,
 No hoarded treasures break my needful rest.

Learn hence how few are Nature's wants, and treat
 With just contempt the vainly rich and great ;

Let not thy cares, to vulgar sense confin'd,
Leave bare and unimprov'd th' immortal mind ;
Read Nature's ever new and open page,
Till higher views thy rising soul engage :
Fair Solitude thy weak resolves shall aid,
To Wisdom's bright abode thy steps shall lead :
Her paths, when trac'd with care, are smooth and plain ;
Never was heavenly Wisdom sought in vain.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

UPON SEEING AN ELEGANT DAIRY-HOUSE ERECTED
UPON THE SPOT WHERE A DOG-KENNEL HAD
FORMERLY STOOD, IN THE PARK AT WYNSTAY,
THE SEAT OF SIR W. W. W. BART.

THE morning was fresh, the sweet air was perfum'd,
With the sunshine of May was each object illum'd;
The leaves glitter'd bright with a soft-falling shower,
And the drops flood impearl'd on each thorn and each
flower ;

When COLIN met THIRSI, the friend of his youth,
Whom he lov'd and esteem'd for his sense and his truth :
The ready-stretch'd hand they alternately press'd,
And with friendly enquiries each other address'd.
The how-d'ye-do's over, cries COLIN, How sweet
Is each scene in these grounds, and the whole how
complete ;

Fair

Fair Nature, luxuriant, enlivens each part,
 Refin'd and corrected, not fetter'd by Art :

Yet some alteration appears to my eye ;

'Tis some way improv'd, yet I cannot tell why.

Quoth THIRSIS, and smil'd, My good friend, thou
 art right;

The improvement affects both the heart and the sight:
 For it shows, what ten thousand bright actions have
 shown,

True taste and true goodness united in one.

On that spot, now so fair, in despite of all taste,
 A cumberous load of rude building was plac'd,
 Within the inclosure of whose ample bound
 Perpetually howl'd the dissatisfy'd hound ;
 Their dissonance fill'd the calm groves with dismay,
 And affrighted the sylvans and wood-nymphs away,
 No longer the thrush his soft note could prolong,
 Nor the lark, till half mounted, durst warble his song.
 The Muses, who wont in the valley to rove,
 To sport on the hill, or repose in the grove,
 All scar'd by the sound, in a hurry and fright,
 To Stow, and the Leafowes, and Hagley, took flight ;

Their cry, and the harsh piercing notes of the horn,
 Instead of the wood-lark, awaken'd the morn :
 The swains gaze amaz'd, then, with boisterous shout,
 Quit the plough and the sonnet to follow the rout ;
 From rock, mountain, and valley loud tumults arise,
 While Echo joins concert, and doubles the cries.

Thus confusion reign'd wide, till the lord of the soil
 Beheld how the peasant was lur'd from his toil ;
 Beheld (for to him, by the favour of Heaven,
 Taste, genius, discernment, and goodness were given)
 How, bestow'd on a noisy irregular train,
 His bounty perverted, was lavish'd in vain.

In his mind, quick conceiving, the generous thought
 No sooner had birth than to action 'twas brought ;
 And what Ovid, that fabling poet of old,
 Of the cot of Philemon and Baucis has told,
 How where whilom it stood was a temple erected.
 By the magical power of his word was effected
 The dissonance ceas'd which offended the ear ;
 The cumberous building, the hounds disappear ;
 Yon fair structure arose to adorn the gay plains,
 Where elegance smiles, and simplicity reigns.

No longer the shrill piercing notes of the horn
 Break the shepherd's repose ere the lark wakes the morn;
 Instead of the huntsman with boisterous throng,
 The neat-looking dairy-maid trips it along:
 Salubrious streams fill her snow-colour'd pail,
 Whose approach from a distance the cottagers hail;
 Delighted they quaff the sweet beverage of health,
 While they bless their kind patron, and pray for his
 wealth.

Now gently soft echo resounds thro' the vale,
 To the pipe of the shepherd, and love's soothing tale;
 Instead of fierce howls, and each dissonant sound,
 Flocks bleat from the mountains, and herds low around;
 The wood-nymphs again dance the thickets among,
 And the lark and the thrush undisturb'd tune their song;
 The Muses no longer are frighted away,
 But have fix'd, with the Virtues, their home at Wynstay.

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

Page 28, line 5, from the bottom, should stand thus :

Those cries which in the howling storm are drown'd.

7-2-10

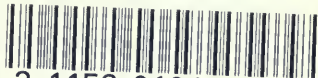
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